A MOST

PROPER REPLY

TO THE

NOBLEMAN's EPISTLE

TO A

DOCTOR of DIVINITY.

To which is added,

HORACE *versus* FANNIUS;

OR,

A CASE in POINCT.

As Reported by BEN. JOHNSON.

AND

The BELLE-MAN of St. *James*'s VERSES.

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A MOST

PROFITABLE REPLY

TO A

NOBLEMAN'S EPISTLE

TO A

DOCTOR of DIVINITY,

To which is added,

HORACE to CICERO, Lib. 1. Epist. 8.

As Reputed by Mr. Jackson.

The BULLEN-MAN of St. Mary VIRGIN's.

LONDON: Printed

A

PROPER REPLY

TO THE

NOBLEMAN's Epiſtle

TO A

Doctor of Divinity.

MY LORD,

I SHOULD long ago have anſwer'd your Lordſhip's *Epiſtle* to me; but comparing it with your Lordſhip's

*Character of me, which I have ſince received, I found *ſome Things hard to be underſtood*, 2 *Pet.* iii. 16. Indeed, your Lordſhip verifies the Scripture, which ſaith, *Every* Cherubim *hath two Faces*. *Ez.* xli. 18. I am ſorry, after having *weighed thee in* theſe *Balances, to find thee ſo wanting*. *Dan.* v. 27. But being of a tender Diſpoſition, and

* The CHARACTER of DR. SH—— which will be printed next Week.

and obſerving your Epiſtle to begin with *Dear Doctor*, (which alſo marks a Tenderneſs on your Part,) I could not but reflect, *Is not* Cherubim *my dear Son? Is not he a* pleaſant Child? *I do earneſtly remember him ſtill; therefore my Bowels are troubled for him, Jer.* xxxi. 20. Tell me therefore, *if I give thee Counſel, wilt thou not hearken unto me? Jer.* xxxviii. 15. *He that hearkeneth to Counſel, is wiſe. Prov.* xii. 15. Now (under

Correction, my good Lord,) this is my Counſel, *Never to open thy Mouth any more. Ez.* xvi. 63. and not to *write*, at leaſt, till you know how to *handle the Pen of the Writer. Judg.* v. 14. For it is ſaid, *Woe to the Writers that write grievouſly. Iſa.* x. 1. In Truth, my good Lord, theſe Verſes are ſuch, as *even a Child may write them. Iſa.* x. 19. Not only a *Child* who had *continued in the Things he had learn'd,*

knowing of whom he learn'd them. 2 *Tim.* iii. 14. but even a Child like you, *ſpoiled by his Mother*;* and who hath *forgot all the Things he learn'd* of Doctor *Friend* at School. † Moſt certainly, if the MASTER you now have, will not order you ſome Correction, he will (as

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* A noble Father's Heir, ſpoil'd by his Mother. *Nobleman's Epiſtle*, pag. 2.

† —— All I learnt from Doctor *Friend* at School
Has quite deſerted this poor *John Tadpot-Head*.
Ibid.

(as ſaith *Solomon*,) *Spare the Rod, and ſpoil the Child.*

You ſay, you are always imploy'd in *Buſineſs*, or *Sport*;* but, under Favour, you have no Notion of either. Pray, my Lord, what is your *Buſineſs*? *You have no Buſineſs with any Man, Judg.* xviii. 7. *Your Office is to wait in the Courts,* 1 *Chron.*

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* — Amidſt our *Buſineſs* and our *Sport*,
There's ſcarce one Moment paſſes unemploy'd.
Pag. 1.

1 *Chron.* xxiii. 28. But, alas! if real *Buſineſs* was to be tranſacted by ſuch as you, you would render it *a Court for Owls, Iſa.* xxxiv. 13. Therefore I ſay, as to *Buſineſs*, content your ſelf with what you are, a *Shrub growing in the Court.* 1 *Mac.* iv. 38. And as to *Sport*, *it is as Sport to a Fool, to do Miſchief, Prov.* x. 23. You are the *Man that deceiveth his* Neighbour, *and ſaith, Am not I in* Sport? *Prov.* xxvi. 19. But

ſuch

ſuch Sport, my Lord, will ruin your *Intereſt*; *He that loveth* Sport, *ſhall be a* Poor Man. *Prov.* xxi. 17. And you ſhould take care (my Dear Lord) not to call forth your *Betters* to make you Merriment; leaſt it befal you, as it befel the ſilly Lords of the *Philiſtines*; who ſaid, *Call* Sampſon, *that he may make us Sport*: And he pulled the WHOLE HOUSE on their Head. *Judg.* xvi. 23. For certain

tain it is, *The Lords favour thee not.* 1 *Sam.* xxix. 6.

YOUR Lordſhip maketh much Mention of your *Head*;* You call it a † *John-Trot-Head*: but might not you better have ſaid, with 2 *Sam.* iii. 8. *I am a Dog's Head*; or one whoſe *Head is ſick, Iſa.* i. 5. or, *whoſe Plague is in his Head, Lev.* xiii. 44.

* In *Page* 2. † *Ibid.*

It is true, you have buried an *Elder Brother*, and are become *a Lord over thy Brethren*, *Gen.* xxiv. 29. Yet do not therefore inſult and deſpiſe all Elder Brothers; nor ſtand up, and cry (like *another Angel*,) *I will* ſmite *all the* Firſt-born, *Exod.* xii. 12. Take heed rather, that *you diſpleaſe not the Lords*, 1 *Sam.* xxix. 7. no, not even thoſe who *want Brains*,

and

and are *hereditary Fools*;* leſt you chance to receive a Kick even from *every Firſtling of an Aſs, Exod.* xxxiv. 20.

I REMEMBER when *thou waſt a witty* Child, *and hadſt a good Spirit. Wiſd.* viii. 19. *beautiful in thy Countenance, and witty in thy Words, Jud.* xi. 23. I well

* No Wonder, that my Brain no more affords
But recollect the Priviledge of Lords.
That to good Blood by old preſcriptive Rules,
Gives Right hereditary to be Fools. *Pag.* 2.

hoped, You were one of *thoſe Children that will not lye, Iſa.* lxiii. 8. But pray, my good Lord, is it not pity you ſhould paſs your time, (as you gallantly declare at the End of this glorious Epiſtle) in * Flattering, Slandering, and Lying? *Nay, my Lord, do not lye.* 2 *K.* iv. 6. Much better would it be, that you

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* For Courts are only larger Families,
The Growth of each, few Truths, and many Lyes —
In private, ſatirize, in publick, flatter. —
&c.

you imitated *Great Lords, and renown'd, riding on Horſes, Ezech.* xxiii. 6. than as you now do, Walk *with the* Spirit of Falſhood, *and Lye. Mic.* ii. 11. And albeit, that *Courtiers* may have ſome cauſe to lye to the World in general, yet it is written, *Lye not* one *to* another. *Col.* iii. 9. When your Lordſhip told *Fibs* to the Publick, it was ſaid by the Bookſellers

and

and Advertiſers, *Shall thy Lyes make Men hold their Peace?* *Job* xi. 3. nay they will continue, untill the *Mouth of him that ſpeaketh Lyes ſhall be ſtopped.* *Pſal.* lxiii. 11. But pray, my good Lord, *Of whom haſt thou been* afraid, *that thou haſt lyed?* *Iſa.* v. 11. Was it of *Pope*, or of thy *Peers?* or of thy MASTER WHO HATETH A LYE? Thou ſhould'ſt *be aſhamed of a Lye before a* Prince,

Eccleſ.

Eccleſ. xli. 17. Yet art thou known to be of thoſe, who if not admitted any where elſe, can ſtill *ſpeak Lyes at* ONE TABLE. *Dan.* xi. 27. Thou haſt need to *tread warily*, though thou ſeemeſt one of the *Daughters of Sion tripping nicely. Iſa.* iii. 16. *Thou haſt made thy Beauty to be abhorred. Ez.* xxv. Verily, verily, *thou art a Nointed Cherub! Ez.* xxviii. 14. And if thou art, as thou ſayeſt, *only*

to

to * *one Point true,* [*viz. Intereſt,*] what elſe can be ſaid of thee, but that *thy* COMELINESS *is turned into* CORRUPTION? *Dan.* x. 8.

I am (*my good Lord*)

Your Faithful Monitor,

Chicheſter, Childermas-Day, 1733. W. SH—W—N.

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* See the laſt Verſes of the Epiſtle.

Horace versus Fannius.

A CASE in POINCT.

As Reported by

BEN. JOHNSON,

In his POETASTER, Act V. Sc. *ult.*

†

FANNIUS! *hold up your hand. You are indicted upon the* ſtatute *of* calumny, —— *that you not having the fear of* Phœbus *before your eyes, have moſt ignorantly, fooliſhy, and maliciouſly, gone about to deprave and calumniate the* perſon *and* writings *of* Quintus Horatius Flaccus. —— *taxing him falſly of* railing, filching by tranſlation, &c. *of which calumnies are you guilty or not?*

† In Engliſh FANNY.

Gal. Horace, arreſt him on the ſtatute of calumny.

Hor. I am the worſt accuſer under heaven.

Gal. Tut, you muſt do't: 'twill be noble Mirth.

Hor. I take no knowledge that they do malign me.

Tib. I, but the *world* takes knowledge.

Hor. Would the world knew,
How heartily I wiſh a *fool* ſhould hate me!

Hor. When haſt thou known us *wrong* or *tax* a friend?
I dare thy malice to betray it. Speak.
Now thou curl'ſt up, thou poor and naſty ſnake,
And ſhrink'ſt thy pois'nous head into thy boſom.
Out viper, thou that *eat'ſt thy parents*, hence!
Rather ſuch ſpeckled creatures, as thy ſelf,
Should be eſchew'd and ſhunn'd: ſuch as will bite,
And gnaw their *abſent friends*, not cure their fame;
Catch at the *looſeſt laughters*, and affect
To be thought *jeſters*; ſuch as can deviſe
Things never *ſeen*, or *heard*, t' impair *men's names*,
And gratify their credulous adverſaries;
Will *carry tales*, do *baſeſt offices*;
Raiſe flames out of old embers; will reveal
Each *ſecret* that's committed to their truſt.
Theſe be black ſlaves, Romans! take heed of theſe.

Vir. Our Horace now ſtands tax'd
Of impudence, ſelf-love, and arrogance,

By

By thoſe who ſhare no merit in themſelves,
And therefore think his portion is as ſmall.
But, for his true uſe of *tranſlating men*,
It ſtill has been a work of as much palm,
In cleareſt Judgments, as to *invent* or *make*;
As being forc'd out of a ſuffering virtue,
Oppreſſed with the licenſe of the time. ——
" *The honeſt ſatyr has the happieſt ſoul.*
Demand what cauſe they had to malign Horace?

Fann. No great cauſe, not I; I muſt confeſs; but that he kept *better company* (for the moſt part) than I: and that *better men lov'd him* than lov'd me; and that his writings *thriv'd better* than mine, and were *better lik'd* and *grac'd*: nothing elſe.

Vir. Thus envious ſouls repine at others good—
'Tis neceſſary (Sir) that you obſerve
A *ſtrict* and *wholeſome diyet*; look you take
Each morning, of OLD CATO'S PRINCIPLES,
A good draught *next your heart*, and WALK UPON'T,
'Till it be well digeſted. —— Uſe to read
(*But not without a Tutor*) the beſt *Greeks*,
As Orpheus, Muſæus, Pindarus,
Heſiod, Calimachus, and Theocrite,
High Homer; but beware of Lycophron,
He is too dark and dangerous a diſh.

You muſt not hunt for *wild*, *outlandiſh* terms,
To ſtuff out a peculiar dialect;
But let your *matter* run before your *words*.
And if at any time you chance to meet
Some *gallo-belgick* phraſe, you ſhall not ſtraight
Rack your *poor* verſe to give it entertainment,
But let it paſs; and do not think yourſelf
Much damnified, if you do *leave it out*,
When, nor your *underſtanding*, nor the *Senſe*
Could *well receive* it. This fair abſtinence,
In time, will render you more *ſound* and *clear*:
And this have I preſcrib'd to you, in place
Of a ſtrict ſentence; which 'till he perform,
Attire him in that * Robe. And henceforth learn
To bear yourſelf more humbly; not to ſwell,
" Or breathe your *inſolent* and *idle ſpirit*
" On *him* whoſe *laughter* can your worſt affright.

Tib. Take him away.

Criſ. Jupiter guard CÆSAR!

Vir. And for a week or two ſee him lockt up
In ſome dark place, remov'd from company;
He will *talk idly* elſe *after his Phyſick*.
Now to you, ſir,—Th' extremity of law
Awards you to be branded in the front,

* A fool's coat.

For

For *this your calumny:* but ſince it pleaſeth
HORACE (the PARTY WRONG'D) t' intreat of *Cæſar*,
A mitigation of that juſter doom,
With *Cæſar*'s tongue, thus we pronounce your ſentence.
Demetrius FANNIUS, thou ſhalt here put on
That *Coat* and *Cap*, and henceforth think thyſelf
No other than *they* make thee; vow to wear them
In every fair and generous *Aſſembly*,
'Till the beſt ſort of minds ſhall take to knowledge
As well thy ſatisfaction as thy wrongs.

Hor. Only (grave Prætor) here, in open court,
I crave, the oath for *good behaviour*
May be adminiſtred —

Vir. Horace, it ſhall: Tibullus, give it them.

Tib. *Demetrius*, FANNIUS, *lay your hand on your heart. You ſhall here ſolemnly atteſt and ſwear, that never (after this inſtant) you ſhall once offer, or dare to malign, traduce, or detract the* Perſon, *or* Writings *of* Quintus Horatius Flaccus, *or any other eminent man tranſcending you in merit, whom your envy ſhall find cauſe to work upon, either for that, or for keeping himſelf in better acquaintance, or enjoying better friends: Or if (tranſported by any ſudden and deſperate reſolution) you do, that then you ſhall not, in the next* PRESENCE, *or any* honourable Aſſembly *of his Favourers, be brought to undertake the* FORSWEARING *or*

DENYING

DENYING of it. *Neither shall you, at any time, suffer the itch of writing to over-run your performance in* libel, *upon pain of being taken up for lepers in wit; and (losing both your time and your papers) be irrecoverably forfeited to the* hospital of fools. *So help you our Roman gods, and the genius of great Cæsar.*

Rumpatur quisquis rumpitur invidia.

THE

THE
BELLE-MAN of St. *James's*
HIS
VERSES
For the YEAR 1733.

Extracted from the Nobleman's Epiſtle.

As they were ſpoken every Night of the Holidays by J. STUART, Beadle and Bellman.

——*Bellus Homo es.*—— MART.

THE

BELLE-MAN of St. James's

HIS

VERSES

For the YEAR 1732.

Extracted from the Nobleman's Epistle

As they were spoken over Night of the Holidays

by J. STUART, Master and Bellman.

Dulce Domo ——— MART.

THE BELLE-MAN of St. *James's* HIS VERSES For the YEAR 1733.

THIS *Chriſtmas* time, your pardon I implore,
(My Maſters) that I never Rhym'd before.
You know the Proverb ſays, that, of a Cat,
The Creature's Skin is all that you can get.
Let, for this reaſon, then, my Learned Friends,
Gracious, accept the All your Bellman ſends.
Since ſuch you'll find moſt Men of my degree,
Excuſe the ignorance appears in me.
Becauſe, when thus I write, I'm forc'd to go,
And beg a little Senſe, as School Boys do.

No *Greek*, or *Latin*, has my *John-Trot* Head,
But brings plain native *Engliſh* in its ſtead.
My Maſter's courteous Rev'rence will forgive
The homely way in which you theſe receive.
And when you ſee me fairly write my Name,
For *England*'s ſake, wiſh all could do the ſame:
Nay I, my ſelf, could not ſo much have done,
Had I been bred, and born, an Eldeſt Son.
But ev'n as thoſe may write, who ne'er can think,
So I, at *Crambo* play, with Pen and Ink,
And am call'd Poet, 'cauſe I write, in Rhyme,
Th' Account of, how, to paſs our *Chriſtmas* time.
So much for this, —— but I am ſore afraid,
Tho' I wrote more, that you no more would read.
So Maſters to my Miſtreſſes be true:
I ſay no more. — Paſt Twelve o' Clock, — adieu.

F I N I S.